

Good Morning 399

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

told by

Ron Richards

THE largest submarine ever operated by the Royal Netherlands Navy has just been commissioned at a Northern England port, in the presence of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

The vessel, which was named "Zwaardvisch" (or "Sword-fish") by Prince Bernhard, has a displacement of over 1,500 tons.

It is the second submarine built for the Dutch at Vickers shipyard, the other being the "Dolfijn," already famous for its successes.

Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O., Flag Officer commanding British submarines, reminded the gathering, which included Rear-Admiral J. W. Termijtelen, Commander-in-Chief of the Netherlands Naval Forces in the United Kingdom, of "the old feeling of respect and admiration between the British and the Dutch Navies."

The Admiral said that the Dutch submarines have especially distinguished themselves in the present war, having already sent 50 enemy ships to the bottom, totalling 180,000 tons.

"There is a particularly fine feeling among the British and Dutch Submarine Services," he added, "so that we operate entirely as one Navy."

Admiral Barry congratulated the Commander of the "Zwaardvisch," and wished the vessel and her crew the best of success.

"Good Morning" staff endorse the Admiral's wish.

A FORMER colleague was entertaining Lieut. Commander and Mrs. J. G. Hopkins in the Falstaff, Fleet Street, when I strolled in the other day.

The Commander had the floor—his dry-cracks were rocking the diners and waiter—Mrs. Hopkins was slightly embarrassed. It was a particularly enjoyable party, and the barmaid's final lament was unanimously regretted.

In Fleet Street again, we had the biggest laugh of all—it was the Commander's favourite joke—against himself. Next day we went to Wimbledon Park Golf Club for the photographer to record the opening of the all-Hopkins golf game.

R. A. Kemp
Doyen of
Racegoers
on "The
Sport of
Thrills"



Lt.-Cdr. J. G. Hopkins
and Wife

Hope you enjoyed the game, sir—have little doubt as to the result. At the nineteenth the skipper told me he thought "Good Morning" would go down well on his next patrol. Hope you are liking it, sir.

Remember you mentioned discussion groups? By this time they should be under way. If we can help these along in any way, I hope you won't hesitate to ask. If, of course, you can let us have a report of the proceedings, it would provide interesting reading if we could publish them.

Anyway, here's to hearing from you soon.

FOR outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines, the following awards are announced:

D.S.O.—Lieut. A. J. W. Pitt, R.N.; Lieut. D. S. McN. Verschoyte-Campbell, D.S.C., R.N. D.S.C.—Lieut. P. F. J. Radwell, R.N. D.S.M.—C.P.O. H. W. Johnson, C.P.O. G. J. Kirwin, E.R.A. E. H. Fuller, P.O. Teleg. W. O. Laurie, Stc. P.O. R. G. Shorrocks, L. Stc. A. B. Shaw, A.B. L. F. Trayhern.

A SHY subby writes a long, detailed and extremely interesting letter, but does not want his name tagged on. Very good, sir—no names, but thanks a lot for your letter.

By the way, do you think we can't take it? You need not worry about pulling your punches—we like honest comment. In fact, we thrive on it.

I agree about the "This England" series. I, too, think they rate pretty high. Any spot you have in mind that you would like to see in "Good Morning"?

The picture you mentioned as being particularly glamorous is being printed, and a copy will be on the way in a day or two. You certainly can pick 'em—she's a honey.

So colleague Al Male is not your favourite writer. Al has read your letter with interest, and thanks you for your frankness. It will surprise you, no doubt, that "Beneath the Surface" is extremely popular in other boats. But still, your comments have been put on the list for analysis.

Can understand you liking the pub series—we haven't used so many recently, but a photographer and I will start looking around again for the pubs you will be calling on again. Where was your favour-

ite? I would like to make a call there.

The colleagues you flattered and flayed all send thanks and best wishes. I send heartiest greetings to a good sportsman.

A COVERED wagon caused quite a stir on the L.N.E.R. some time back.

Censor just permits publication.

It was a summer day and the train was bound for somewhere in Britain.

Four railway vehicles, consisting of a passenger coach, a covered van, an open wagon, and a special wagon carrying a load carefully concealed under tarpaulins, were attached to a goods train.

At all stops sailors descended from the passenger coach to guard the load under the tarpaulins.

Many railwaymen guessed what the precious load was, but the secret was well kept. It can now be disclosed that it was Britain's first midget submarine, and the man in charge of its naval escort was Lieut. Donald Cameron, V.C., R.N.R.

Lieut. Donald Cameron, who is now a prisoner of war, won his V.C. in the famous midget-submarine attack on the "Tirpitz" in Alten Fiord, Norway, last September.

OUR Nottingham correspondent has the addresses you sent us, A.B. A. W. Boulton, and home news should be along any time now.

Regret I am not permitted to mention the name of your boat, but it was good to hear from your unit of the Navy.

What do you and your shipmates like most about "Good Morning"? More important, what don't you like? Will you let me know in your next letter?

YOUR addresses have been put on the list, following your request for pictures from home, E.R.A. E. W. Dudley, and soon we hope to deliver the goods.

Seems from the trickle of letters that at last the personnel of H.M.S. "Maidstone" is getting to hear of us. Keep your letters coming, gents—we'll get the stories.

CRIPPLES OFTEN "WIN" St. LEGER

"BOSWELL can't run—he's a cripple!" "Never fear! Cripples often win the St. Leger!"

Such was the conversation I heard between stablemen a few years ago before the St. Leger—and it had a striking sequel. Precipitation was a hot favourite when he picked up the heel trouble which had so worried trainers that season, and was scratched.

Then Boswell showed telltale traces of an infected heel, and when he appeared in the paddock with a dressing on it you could almost hear the odds falling. Yet the horse won.

Incidents like this are almost the rule rather than the exception in Doncaster's greatest race. That is why canny Yorkshiremen often put their shirts on the least likely winners.

WHEN the 1,000 to 1 Theodore won the race a century ago, he appeared to be so crippled before going out that his jockey almost refused to mount him.

Lord Falmouth's Dutch Oven was so lame when he went out that, despite the famous Fred Archer being up, the odds swished to 40 to 1—but horse and jockey prevailed against the handicap, and Dutch Oven passed the post an easy first.

In recent years, Bahram was one of the few horses to attempt the "triple crown" of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, and I remember that there was a serious scare about the colt at the last moment. Many late backers, alarmed by stories about a sprain, put their money elsewhere. But Bahram did it.

A similar success in the old days caused a bitter estrangement between two old friends, Lord Westminster and Lord Chesterfield. The former was running Touchstone, and Lord Chesterfield expressed his confidence in the son of Camel and Banter.

A LAME EXCUSE.

"I mean to back Touchstone to win me £20,000!" he declared.

"By no means do any such thing," replied Lord Westminster. "My trainer tells me the colt is lame, and we shall be lucky if we get him to the post."

Sure enough, Touchstone was knocked out to 40 to 1 in the betting, and regarded as a "dead 'un," but he shook off his lameness in the excitement of the race and won in spanking style.

Years passed before Lord Chesterfield could believe that he had not designedly been led astray.

Still worse was the disappointment which West Australian, the first horse in history to win the triple crown, gave to a man named Harry Hill.

This scoundrel knew all the racing tricks, and he conceived the idea of bribing West Australian's jockey and going to the limit in laying against the animal. But the Doncaster authorities became suspicious.

Interrogating the jockey, they told him curtly that if the horse did not win they would assume he had pulled the animal.

Scared out of his wits, the jockey got West Australian first past the post. But he failed to tell Harry Hill of the change of plan—and 'Arry 'ill was Harry Unwell. Eventually, indeed, he shot himself!

JERRY WASN'T PULLED.

Another time, a horse named Jerry was entered by a Mr. R. O. Gascoigne, who backed him heavily. Despite this, the price went mysteriously against the horse. Convinced that foul work was afoot, Gascoigne sent out spies.

One of them overheard a conversation between the jockey and a well-known bad-hat named Ridsdale, which convinced him that the jockey was being bribed to pull the horse.

At the last moment the jockey was deprived of his mount. Ben Smith, a jockey with five St. Legers to his credit, was deputed to ride Jerry, and he won by two lengths at 9 to 1. Ridsdale, it is declared, lost £20,000.

Cripples, outsiders and frame-ups—all these are a part of St. Leger history. Racing men still talk of the poisoning of Marcus, a one-time hot favourite, with a strong dose of arsenic and water.

Marcus was stabled overnight with other horses at the King's Arms, Doncaster, and it appears that a tramp made his way to the kitchens where stable-boys filled their buckets from a large copper full of water.

When he saw his opportunity he doped the water so strongly that Marcus and two other horses died a few hours later.

POISONOUS RECORD.

Another magnificent animal, Mameluke, had a very uncertain temper, and an unscrupulous rigger eventually made bad use of this fact.

He sent several second-rate horses to the starting-post with certain instructions to their jockeys. Leaping and prancing, their unruly behaviour caused a number of false starts, and Mameluke was so upset that he had no chance at all in the race.

At last the conditions grew so bad that the Jockey Club seriously considered cutting out the Doncaster meeting. So much nobbling, pulling and downright poisoning went on that the St. Leger had to be radically spring-cleaned before it could be regarded as a national race!

Nowadays, of course, no Yorkshireman will admit that the Derby matters more than the St. Leger.

As for the jockeys, in normal years anyone with silk can claim £1,000 from the owner if he wins—which seems to me to be a bribe in the right direction—in a race that always means £25,000 to the lucky owner.

It was with the St. Leger of five or six years ago that Mr. J. V. Rank scored his first classic success with his colt, Scottish Union. He was carrying a sprig of white heather in his pocket that day—and the combination of heather and colt saw Gordon Richards, on the favourite, Pasch, left four lengths behind!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SPORT flash!... "I don't like the tone of that notice on the canteen wall," muttered the rating. "What does it say?" chorused his pals.

"It says, all applications for compassionate leave, sickness or funerals must be handed in after, and not before, the Cup Final!"

Ron Richards

Sounds Strange, but—

What's in a name? Though the daughters of Job were named Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-Happuch, it was said that "in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job."

Robert Wadlow was at 22 said to be the world's tallest man, being just under 9½ ft. high, with hands a foot long. He wore 36 in shoes, and nine yards of cloth were required to make his suit.

Was it attempted suicide?

PART 13

(ARNOLD JERVIS' STORY)

HARBOROUGH has asked me to fill in a gap in his story which for obvious reasons he was, himself, unable to record.

When I left him on the Tuesday morning soon after noon I was desperately worried about many matters, but I will try to confine myself to his affairs.

He had been under an intense strain for nearly a week and had borne it very well. But I saw signs of crashing—in his shortening temper and growing impatience. Consequently I did not confide in him some of my fears.

Apparently he had missed completely the implication of two important details which had occurred over night. The first the possible reaction of Ivor Corby to what must have been a most unwelcome surprise to him; that of discovering the American detective Connor and Harborough both at his brother John's flat.

At that time I did not know Ivor Corby's place in the puzzle, but I was confident that the result would be an immediate conference between him and Palmer, who would also be threatened by Connor's appearance on the scene, and most probably some swift counter-move. Or possibly they might bolt. That is one of the reasons why I sent Moon to see what he could discover.

The second was even more serious, in one way. True, I had not confided in Harborough all that Connor had told me about his uncle's affairs, but this is the point. Connor had said that Alban Harborough might well be quite a rich man, and following the custom of American crooks had probably stowed his money away in hard cash or bonds in

some Safe Deposit under a false name. If the county police got to know that it would strengthen their case against Harborough enormously. They might hesitate to charge a man with murder for the sake of a few hundred pounds when they would not if he stood to gain tens of thousands.

It had always been my habit to play Devil's Advocate and argue against my own cases in order to discover their weaknesses. I argued the case against Harborough as I might have put it had I been against him. I saw it in this way.

There was Alban Harborough, an elderly and eccentric man, with his murky past foreseeing death at no distant date. Corby had testified that his health had grown worse recently; he himself had told his nephew that he did not expect to live long. He contemplated the disposal of his wealth and decided to make his only nephew his heir. So he makes his will and tried to get into communication with Philip. By chance he does so more quickly than he anticipated and Philip comes to see him. Who would doubt that during that interview he would have told his nephew of his decision when they were alone?

Philip is admittedly in no good financial case and has just lost his job. How great then would the temptation be to return to that lonely bungalow, entice the old man out, murder him in a skilful way and make off for London. Philip has no alibi and he is found a few days afterwards lurking about the bungalow in circumstances that suggest that he has more knowledge of his way about the place than he admitted.

Philip Harborough had motive and opportunity and there was bad blood in the family. Until he could produce someone with an equally strong motive and opportunity I should find it hard to rebut the theory I had just evolved.

That I could do so, given time, I felt fairly confident, but I viewed the prospect of Ivor Corby and Palmer bolting, dubiously. Everything seemed to me to depend upon what I could get out of Miss Lockwood, and upon the hope that the police did not yet know of Alban Harborough's past and wealth.

In the beginning I hoped, though I did not believe, that after the verdict, the case might be dropped, but I felt that if I were to help Harborough I had better start to prepare his defence at once, and the best defence would be to present the police, if not with proof, at least with very full information that would quickly lead to proof, of who really did commit the crime.

This I have written as a preliminary to the account that Harborough asked me to write.

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

Now I will revert to that Tuesday morning.

MY first action on returning to my office was to telephone Golding, the Norminster hotel broker. I invented a client who was anxious to purchase the "Ship" at Langley Quay and asked him if he knew if Palmer would be likely to sell at a price. I said that I had heard that Palmer was only the licensee and that the inn was owned by a company, and if so I would like to deal direct with the owners. Golding was very obliging.

Miss Lockwood, I thought, would have been home by three. I rang her shop soon after that hour and she had not arrived. Then I telephoned Mildred Corby to learn if she had any news either of Miss Lockwood or of poor old John Corby, a man I really liked despite his politics and queer ways. Mildred had heard nothing further.

Since I had heard nothing from Miss Lockwood I walked

round to her shop about half past four. There an assistant told me she had returned but gone out again almost at once to an urgent business appointment. She did not know where but said Miss Lockwood had had my message and said she would call at my office on her way back.

I was growing fretted and worried by the delay, but I saw nothing for it but to go back to my office and wait. The time was coming, too, when I thought I might hear something from Moon, but I had no word from him or Miss Lockwood, and at six, when my clerks left, I stayed on at the office alone, expecting a call at any moment.

Just before seven the front door bell rang and I answered it myself, expecting to see Miss Lockwood. But it was Emily Long whom I saw.

Rather shortly I asked her what she wanted and she said she had come for her money and was sorry she hadn't been able to call yesterday, as we had arranged, because she had been in bed with a bad cold.

It was raining like mad and I told her to get home at once if she had a bad cold and she replied with something about having to do a bit of shopping before the shops shut and we parted amicably.

But I was growing more and more uneasy at not hearing from Miss Lockwood, and I felt that

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Colour. 7 Maxim. 10 Wild goat. 11 Vigorous batsman. 13 Appellation. 14 Issue. 15 Pronoun. 16 Ruminant. 18 Reclined. 19 Incisors. 21 Added to. 22 Extinct bird. 24 Begins to develop. 26 Liking. 29 Land measure. 30 Gull. 31 Cry of surprise. 32 Fit for tilling. 34 Presently. 36 Knock. 37 Mount. 38 Devonshire river. 39 Hawked

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
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36						37		
38			39					

CLUES DOWN.

1 Short time. 2 Humiliate. 3 Jewel. 4 Use. 5 Pronoun. 6 Object. 7 Famous composer. 8 Defence. 9 Bird. 12 Inform. 17 Electrical units. 20 Try to equal. 21 Head. 23 Inclined. 24 Mineral. 25 Obligation. 27 Adjudge. 28 The things indicated. 29 Whittle. 30 Measure. 33 Drink. 35 Love.

OLD HUMUS T
FORGO ALLOW
FOALS STAVE
SWITCH KEA
FENDER PERK
I ELOPE S
LASS REARED
ELM EEL OWE
DIANA VAUNT
CRUSHING E
JETTY STEER

Harborough must be getting even more worried at the lack of news. I telephoned to him and Mrs. Moon said that he had just gone out, which struck me as curious in view of the time and the weather.

At nine I had still heard nothing. I drove to Green Cottage and found the place in darkness and received no answer to my ring. Then I went next door to see Harborough to try to explain to him my long silence.

Mrs. Moon met me at the door there. She seemed off her head. "Oh, Mr. Arnold, thank God you've come," she said frantically. "Is it true Mr. Harborough's been and committed suicide at Eastwinds. I've just had Mr. Warne, the policeman, here crazing me with questions."

HER words horrified me. My first thought was that Harborough's mind had gone at last, broken under the strain.

But all I could extract from Mrs. Moon was that Harborough had remained indoors until just after seven when he had gone out at once following a telephone call. Mrs. Moon did not know who the caller was, a gentleman she said who gave no name.

I left Mrs. Moon at last and drove to the Police Station. I knew Brundish the sergeant there and he gave me what particulars he had and they didn't sound too encouraging to me. But at least Harborough was still alive, or had been half an hour before. He had been taken to the local cottage hospital.

Brundish's story was that Warne, patrolling the Beach Path about eight o'clock that evening, had had his attention drawn to Eastwinds by the banging of doors in the gale. He had gone to investigate and just inside the yard, by the back door had found Harborough, as he thought, dead. By his side was a hypodermic syringe and everything pointed to suicide. Warne had

summoned help and Harborough had been taken to the hospital. Major Barton, the Chief Constable, had been informed and Brundish expected him at any moment.

I demanded of Barton when he arrived: "Is he going to die?" Burton shook his head and added, "Morphia, but he didn't take enough—perhaps, unfortunately."

"Why?" I asked. Burton said cryptically: "Information received."

"What information?" I demanded.

Burton retorted, "You mustn't ask me that, Jervis."

I turned round. "But why fence? Have you issued a warrant?"

"Not yet." "Then I've one thing to ask you," I said. "Promise me not to execute it without giving me reasonable warning. You've got your man; he can't get away."

"I can't promise you that," Burton said gravely. "But if it's practical, I will give you warning."

I thanked him as he left. A minute later, the phone rang.

"Mr. Arnold—it's Moon," he said. "From Langley call-box; sir, there's something very queer going on." His voice dropped. "I'll take my oath I've seen Mr. Ivor Corby—alive."

"When?" I demanded quickly. "He came out of the back of the 'Ship' and went to Charlie Croft's. I've found his cottage. And Miss Lockwood was there, too, sir."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Olla Podrida is a musical term, name of a Spanish patriot, Irish fairy, stew, drug, dance, film star?
2. Who wrote (a) Dear Octopus, (b) Dear Brutus?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Drake, Doughboy, Dean, Dustman, Dame, Dauphin.
4. What is the most northerly of the British Isles?
5. What name is given to a group of swimming ducks?
6. Who wears three crowns as part of his official dress?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Laverock, Lyracal, Literal, Lethal, Lacteel, Liquorish.
8. What are the Home Counties?
9. What is the sub-title of "Punch"?
10. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Padra, Padre, Padrine, Padrone.
11. What is the width of the goal-mouth in Lacrosse?
12. For what boys' names is "Bert" used for short?

Answers to Quiz in No. 398

1. Coarse flour.
2. (a) Hervey Allen, (b) Willa Cather.
3. Londonderry is in Ulster; others in Eire.
4. On Adam's Peak, a mountain in Ceylon.
5. Estivation.
6. Bath.
7. Icy, Intermediary.
8. Baseball.
9. A ball.
10. Quarter of a pint.
11. India.
12. Oxygen, Osmium.

JANE



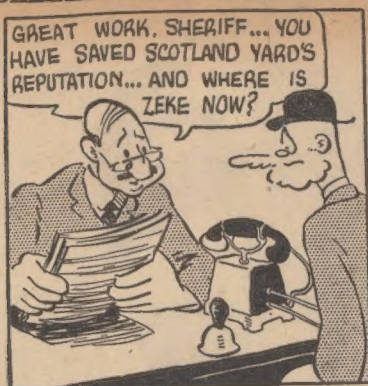
WANGLING WORDS—340

1. Put some meat in CBER and make room.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Arem dein gery hyt em omt acrep pacere mot.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: JILL into JACK, and then back again into JILL, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden flowers in: *In camp I only had to wash the pans, you see.*

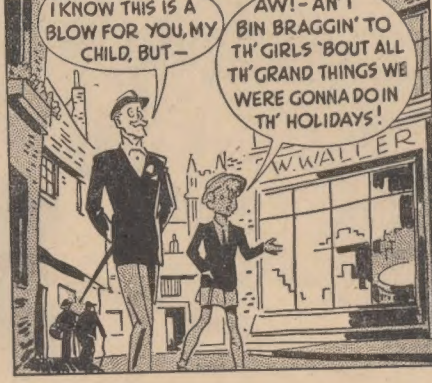
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 339

1. BallOON.
2. Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
3. PIES, pins, tins, tans, tars, TART, cart, cars, bars, bats, bits, pits, PIES.
4. Her-ring, C-od.

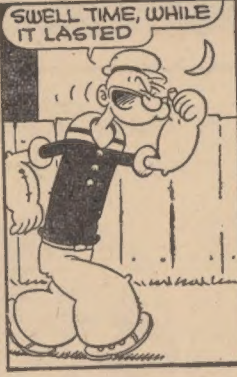
BEELZEBUB JONES



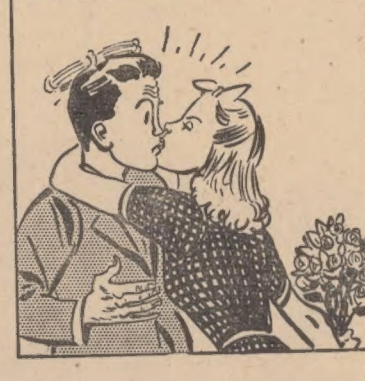
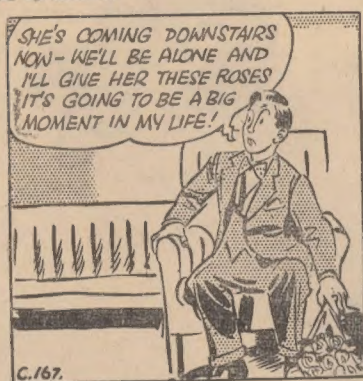
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

THE TYPICAL NAZI.

HIS beastliness is not that of the untaught savage. His inhumanity is that of a highly sophisticated kind. He is beastly because he believes that the beast alone in man is real. He is not ignorant of morality, but he despises it as worthless cant. He may not lack natural kindness, but he has stamped it out fanatically from his own heart. His evil instincts are firmly grounded in a theory that lust and power alone are real. Remember that the Nazi comes from a nation unsurpassed in the number and high standard of its universities. There can be no doubt that his mentality is a logical expression of the scientific outlook as accepted on the Continent at the opening of this century.

Michael Polanyi (Professor, Manchester University).

THE AMERICAN.

IT is undeniable that Americans are apt to be more emphatic than we are; that they do not always share our preference for the undertone; that if they blush unseen they are apt to make a noise about it; and that, whereas our own military police melt modestly into the background, the American snowdrops can be seen from three miles away. It must be recognised also that, owing perhaps to the ravages of co-education, their attitude towards women is more intimate, more casual, but no less courteous than our own. Nor is it possible, or important, to contradict those who contend that almost every American is a health-fuss and that their germ-consciousness is acute. But these are tiny things which can rapidly be understood and as easily ignored.

Harold Nicolson.

CURIOSITY.

LACK of sympathetic curiosity accounts for a large part of human trouble whatever. On the whole, we are not sufficiently curious about each other. If we were really capable of curiosity we should be really civilised beings, and we would take a great deal more care of each other than we do. Curiosity is interest. Interest, carried far enough, is love. There is in truth no interest except where affection is.

James Stephens.

DEMOBILISED AIRMAN.

ONE returns to civilian life. For a month or two the liberty is sweet. Then it all comes back. My friends, believe me! it all comes back. One misses the community life; one misses one's particular pals and the light-hearted atmosphere; one misses the talk of aircraft and all the sights, smells and sounds of the air; one misses the triumphs, the fears, and the dangers. For all that, one realises, brought the best out of one. . . One lived then, one had to live then, for something better than wages. Behind one's every action there lay, unconsciously, a deep sentiment. . . But it will come right in the end.

Richard Rumbold.

SERVICE EDUCATION.

IT is not resentment with which the education officer has to cope, but a really disturbing apathy. Nor is it ignorance which they find to be the most difficult problem, but obstinate certitude regarding incorrect facts. Yet through it all it is clear to them that the younger men are really anxious to reach some definite objective, still obscure to themselves, but centring vaguely around the expression "security"; security, in the first place, of employment in the future, but beyond that to acquire that self-assurance which they imagine comes only to the man of knowledge . . . in any discussion group the majority are anxious only to listen and to learn.

Harold Nicolson.

AMERICA TO-DAY.

AMERICA has endeared itself to me. Why? There are a score of reasons—quick, warm friendship, a variety of scene, climate and terrain that is superb, a zest for life and living, a democratic style that's typified by the drug-store at the street corner, but, above all, by the acceptance of people of almost every race without much stopping to think who they are. I have begun to feel that the United States, with all its imperfections, is mankind's most hopeful experiment up to date. . . The melting down, the fusing, is being achieved. The brotherhood of mankind strides over the horizon.

J. L. Hodson (British Novelist).

ARE YOU LISTENING?

ADMITTEDLY, only a fraction of "listeners" really listen; but then, the remainder are not doing anything else that demands their attention, or they would switch off. Do you see where the argument leads? Surely to this: That, unless we are careful, our incessant loud-speakers will land us with a rising generation ignorant, ill-read, mentally slipshod, and chronically inattentive. For how, amid the continuous din, are they to study or read or talk or think?

Desmond Shawe-Taylor.

**Good
Morning**

SOMEONE IS THINKING
OF YOU TO-NIGHT



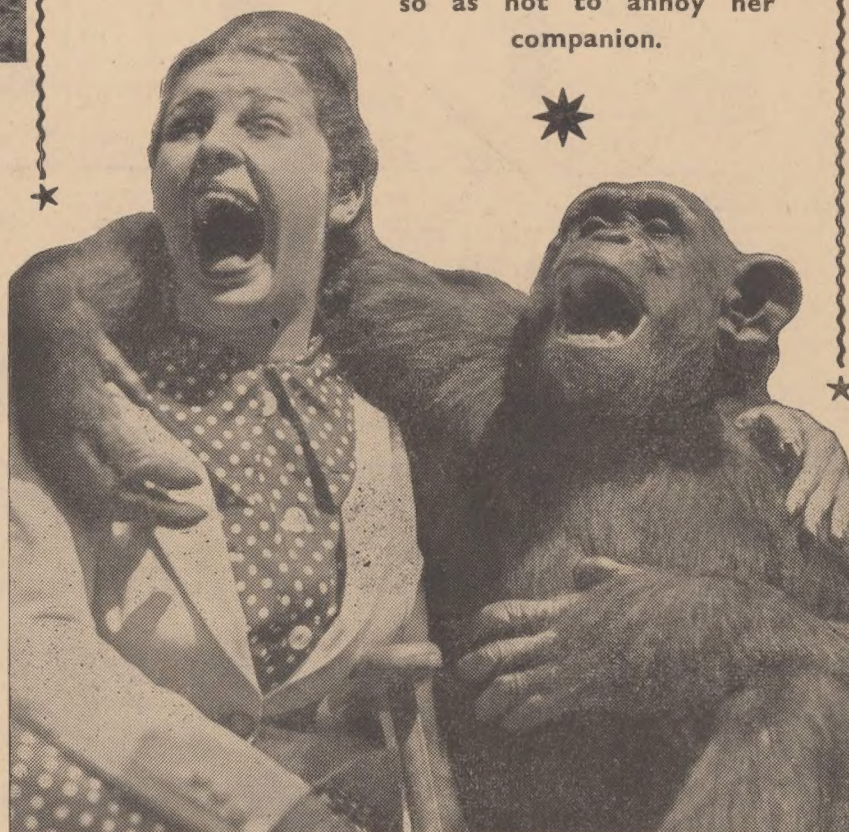
Crayford Fair may be 540 years old all right, but that trick of the kids wasn't thought of yesterday, either.



O.K. for dogs to delight to bark and bite, but for goodness sake lay off mother's favourite pillow slip.



Is Martha Raye, 20th Century Fox comedienne, enjoying the necking party, or is she just laughing so as not to annoy her companion.



This England

Damson blossom
blooming in Lyth
Valley, Westmorland.



"He loves me, he loves me not."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

